

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Lady Holland in Spain.

When the Earl of Lichfield edited the two volumes of Lady Holland's Journals he deemed it best to omit the record of her two visits to Spain. He now fills in that gap by giving us *The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland* (Longmans, Green & Co.) in a compact form, accompanied by a frontispiece reproduced from Romney's portrait of the lady as a "Virgin of the Sun" and by a map which shows the route through Spain taken by the Hollands on their two trips. In his preface he also furnishes a curious account of Lady Holland's clever plot for retaining possession of her daughter, Harriet, by her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, and balking the father of it. It included a sham funeral, effected with a guitar case as a coffin, and the whole melodramatic affair may presumably be accepted as genuine, since this particular story is derived from a paper in Lady Holland's own handwriting, which gives details differing somewhat from the previously recognized version.

The Hollands made two long journeys in Spain at a date when the native manners and customs still retained their full flavor of inconceivable originality, and the second trip, in 1808-09, took place at an exciting crisis of the Peninsular War. It was Lady Holland's daily habit to jot down her observations, comments, adventures and anecdotes, and thus the record, condensed, corrected as to punctuation and modernized as to spelling, which the editor offers us.

There were seven or eight, not including the indispensable servants, in the Holland party which entered Spain on the first journey early in November, 1802. The destinies of that country were at the time again in the hands of Manuel Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, the favorite of Queen Maria Luisa, and her brainless husband, Charles IV. Godoy, best known as the Prince of the Peace, had become Chief Minister of the State in 1792, and when peace was signed in 1795, ending the disastrous war with France which followed Louis XVI's death, he acquired that title. The results of the alliance with regicide France and the war with England which ensued aroused the indignation of the nation and brought about Godoy's fall in 1798. But he appears never to have lost the confidence of the King, and Lady Holland's journal contains many staggering proofs of his almost unlimited power, which recognized neither law nor justice. This first journey, we may remark, was undertaken for the benefit of the Hollands' eldest son, Charles, whose continual illnesses had become cause of serious alarm, prompting the doctors to advise a winter in a foreign climate. It lasted until March, 1805, and presumably effected its object, in spite of the hardships of travel in a country where evidently travellers were not expected.

The Holland party crossed the border from France near the village of Perthus on November 7, 1802, and the first time Lady Holland attempted to walk out and view the surroundings at Madrid she discovered the almost incredible derision and scorn with which a woman is treated who does not conform to the Spanish mode of dressing. A few more experiences of this sort decided her to equip herself with the particular sort of skirt called the *basquina* and the mantilla which Spanish sense of propriety demanded. Thus arrayed she roamed at her pleasure, apparently, except that on one occasion she was barred from a church by an ecclesiastic because her mantilla was not of solid, concealing cloth. The fruit of her observations and inquiries on the subject of that special uniform for women is summed up considerably later on in an explanation where, with perfect seriousness, she reveals the moral principle on which this summary law is based. The Spanish women, she asserts, have no interest in life save love, and while nominally they are carefully watched and rigorously immured from love affairs in reality they exercise the most unlimited freedom in their goings and comings, shrouded in the *basquina* and mantilla, which screen them from espionage by effectually disguising all personal details and rendering all women equally unrecognizable. Evidently a sort of Arabian Nights atmosphere prevailed.

Barcelona was the first town where the party made any considerable stay. There a house had been hired for them with much difficulty, but the streets were so narrow, the houses so high, the projecting roofs so effectively excluded every ray of sunshine, that remaining there with the delicate children was out of the question and they gladly accepted the offer of a villa at Sarria, about three miles from the town. The distance was somewhat of an obstacle to social activity, but the Hollands were well introduced and energetic and managed to see most people, theatrical presentations and things worth their while. The Prince of the Peace promptly enters on the scene. The Academies at Barcelona, says Lady Holland in describing the town, "is a magnificent palace; it was used as such for the Prince of the Peace, who lodged under it himself, his mistress and the Grand Inquisitor, a curious trio. The royal families were lodged in the custom houses," she adds, all referring to a very recent visit during a long circular tour of the land made by the sovereigns, which seems to have still further disorganized the primitive accommodations usually available. At a little later stage of their journey, for example, the Hollands arrived at a place where all the furniture had been removed from the inn to allow of royal furniture being substituted for the great occasion; but when the royal furniture had gone on its way no effort had been made to restore its predecessor, and the rooms were literally bare. Everywhere, too, it was their experience on arriving at an inn and inquiring what there was to eat to be told, "What yourselves have brought," this even at a "spacious and princely fabric," where the stables would accommodate 600 mules, horses and so forth. It would be interesting to know where they actually procured provisions, which were uncommonly scarce on account of the royal progress in some places, but she fails to inform us. We are justified in assuming that they may have experienced the fate of a French writer at a much later date who declared that he subsisted on "feathered eggs."

On their way to Valencia the Hollands visited Montserrat, and climbed the mountain to view the convent. It is noticeable that in one way or another Lady Holland contrived to penetrate nearly all the most strictly forbidden recesses of whatever monastery she visited. On one occasion the friendly prelate in charge told her to walk where she would and kept out of her way discreetly so that he might not see her breaking the rule. At Montserrat, however, she suffered defeat from an Asturian, who had occupied a hermitage part way up the ascent for twenty-one years. He would not

admit her, and when she asked him how he liked so high a situation, he turned on the whites of his eyes and said he lived in hopes of being elevated to a higher one, meaning in heaven. "He appeared to be an ignorant hypocrite," is the comment the lady makes on this stentil plate utterance. The King and Queen had been up not long before, and had intentionally omitted to make any offering to Nuestra Señora de Montserrat, as that was the only convent that had pleaded poverty and did not assist the King in the late war. In Tarragona a whole gang of beggars followed the Hollands through the Bishop's palace as readily as they would have done had they remained in the streets; and in the port they found galley slaves, working on the jetty, all dressed in green, which had been a living chain in former times as the color most offensive to the Moors, who revered it and reserved it for their sovereigns and for those who called themselves the Prophet's cousins. Further on they had to engage an escort of soldiers; and in describing the hardy young men who ran alongside their mules she remarks that they never undress, and it is a figurative expression to say an honest Spaniard dies in his bed, as she believes that there are many who never know the luxury of one. Her explanation of the practical absence of all preparation for travellers is that Ambassadors and merchants are the only foreigners who travel, and they go to their destination. Natives are generally bound upon business or duty, either to their estates (which is rare) or to their relations; therefore they do not feel the want of a house to lodge in or an equipage to convey them. Accordingly the traveller who arrives for a couple of months in a town must incur the same expense as if he were to remain ten years, hire and buy the furniture of a house from a joint stock to a spit. Happily, the Hollands were often lodged in palaces and villas of the most magnificent description by their innumerable Spanish friends.

In Valencia Lady Holland records her first experience with a sort of alliance which the Spanish aristocracy, to which she ascribes the degeneracy of the grandees, it having prevailed from generation to generation, the Captain-General, with whom they dined, was married to his own niece, being her father's eldest brother. In this particular case she notes the result of a curious sort on the children. Here, as everywhere, the theatre furnished inexhaustible amusement to our travellers, though with three prompts in full view, talking louder than the actors, who scorned to learn their parts properly, there were difficulties. They found the Spanish plays the best, though among them as well as among the foreign selections, there were curiosities. For example, the chief character in one, founded on an English story, was *Lord Rochester*, a pathetic part; and when his lady made tender appeals to his feelings, she addressed him: "Oh, Rochester!" In Madrid they saw "Macbeth," in which *Lady Macbeth* was represented as having a son 6 years old, introduced for no other purpose than to enable her to run upon the stage with bloody hands, fresh from murdering him in his bed. Bullfights horrified Lady Holland, but she went to several, to study the people. Her comment is that she could more easily comprehend the eagerness and enthusiasm inspired by an auto da fe, where passion aroused against the hard-hearted and stubborn heretic who either will not see the truth or has lapsed from it, where revenge is gratified while torments are inflicting.

Lady Holland, while expressing disgust at the dissoluteness of the Spanish women, showed herself by no means rigorous in associating with the great ladies, whose *chronique scandaleuse* she records. When it comes to the question of the famous Prince of the Peace, he declares that it is impossible to ascertain the absolute truth of his influence over the Queen. He neglected her, insulted her, possessed himself of the King's confidence, independent of her, but when hard pressed by popularity or by French interference, she supported him. One day the King, the Queen and the Prince of the Peace were standing on the balcony of the palace of Aranjuez when Mallo, a favorite on whom the Queen had lavished immense sums, drove by in a splendid carriage. The King exclaimed that he had often noticed lately and wondered how Mallo found means for such expenses. The Queen remarked that she concluded he had inherited from a relative in Las Indias (Mallo being an American). "No," replied the Prince of the Peace. "He is supplied by an ugly old woman, lately fallen in love with him." Whereupon the King laughed heartily, and the Queen was forced to add a smile. Nevertheless, the Prince's influence seemed unbounded. At the very time when one of the grandees was being deprived of estates which his family had held for 500 years, on the not wholly certain ground that the original grant of State lands was illegal, the Prince of the Peace was receiving vast new grants of State lands in a manner indubitably illegal. The people of Madrid had nicknamed the Prince "El Bonducaño," the nickname of the Caliph, at which all boys laughed and tremble. One day during the sojourn of the Hollands a court was being held and the ladies were in the outer chamber approaching the Queen's apartment, to kiss hands; but in the centre of the room stood the Prince playing with the Queen's little dog and the ladies did not venture to pass. The Queen, impatient and surprised at the delay, begged the King to look who, seeing the impediment, said laughing, "They won't pass the Bonducaño!" Another nickname was "El Choricero," the sausage maker, from his native province, Estramadura, which is famous for its pigs.

Notwithstanding the general detestation of the man, his antechamber was filled with all that great and distinguished and beautiful in the kingdom, and he was often bored by the servility of their bearing toward him. He had neither party adherents nor a single friend on whom he could rely, and his deliberate insolence to the Prince of the Asturias had rendered the latter so implacable an enemy that his prospects in the next reign did not appear brilliant. Among the curious customs which Lady Holland notes—and she declares that nothing is more hopeless than any attempt in Spain to discover the origin of a custom—is that of favoring royal brides. Queens and Princesses of the Asturias, with an inside view of the mausoleum on their arrival at the Escorial through a door which never opened to any man again till they were carried to the tomb, note for ever. The poor little Prince of the Asturias of that day was so violently affected that the prior, whose office it was to admit her into the dismal vault, had great difficulty in reviving her and conveying her above into the church. The Queen, on the other hand, when she went through the same ceremony drew forth from her own a pair of scissors and engraved "Maria Luisa" upon the prophylactic of the sarcophagus

pointed out to her as her future abode. Besides serving the whole royal family on their knees with food and drink and dressing the King like a child, the grandees in waiting were supposed to keep up the force until more than could demonstrate forced plain facts upon them. Even after the King's death the high official continued to inquire, "Does not the King wish to eat?" until the corpse was interred; whereupon, breaking his wand of office, he exclaimed with surprise: "Is the King dead?" A few graphic anecdotes of this sort do more than volumes of description to conjure up a picture of the divine right of sovereigns and all that that implies, as well as an ideal of the land. As to that in general Lady Holland says she had all ways thought before that "Don Quixote" was more pedantic than to say "But nothing is true, and to the assertion must be added that it cannot be completely so unless the reader knows the people of Spain and all their ways, dwellings and speech. In English she had thought it a flat, burlesque work; by the time she had been in the land a year she deemed it without exception much the most amusing production of human art, and she cannot refrain from laughing aloud over it.

Lady Holland had a couple of severe illnesses during her stay in Spain, but she tries to fill up the gaps in her diary by summaries of events and impressions, which display just appreciation and fair judgment. On the trip to Burgos and Valladolid she stopped at the Duke of Infantado's magnificent palace at Lerma, afterward destroyed by the French, where they were received and entertained in great state by the Duke's officials. In the Collegiate Church attached to it they were shown three portraits of the Duke of Lerma, the first as a gallant knight and courtier, the second in his Cardinal's hat and robes, the third as a corpse. There a canon told them an anecdote which, Lady Holland declares, appears too dramatic to be true. The Duke had secretly obtained from Rome the list in order of succession to the throne, and he was, however, mightily annoyed by Felipe III's death. His apprehensions were justified, as an officer of justice entered his house at Valladolid with a royal order to seize his person. The Duke assembled the clergy and seated himself in his sacerdotal habit at the top of the room, placing the papal bull on a table before him. The messenger upon entering was asked by the Cardinal: "What dost thou want?" Confounded at the sight of so much clerical splendor, he hesitated and then replied: "Only to serve your Excellency." Upon which the Duke replied: "Farewell," and then ended the arrest. He was, however, compelled to refund much of his wealth. In December, 1805, the Holland party moved to Portugal, where our chronicler was unfavorably impressed by the people in contrast to the Spaniards. She found the Portuguese universally clumsy in their persons and coarse, not to say downright ugly, in their features, while rude curiosity took the place of the stately Spanish reserve and civility which is never seen. Eventually they sailed on thirteen hours' notice, considerably sooner than they had expected. Lord Holland was anxious to attend the debate on the Catholic question, and the only sure available packet was despatched ahead of time to convey to England the news that the French had broken out of Brest harbor. After an exciting voyage, diversified by bad weather, pursuit by an enemy's ship, and even by a large vessel with black studding sails, they landed safely in Falmouth harbor. In a sort of descriptive catalogue appended to the journal Lady Holland furnishes vividly illustrative summaries of many notable persons and situations which illuminate the whole Spanish subject.

During the three years which passed after the Hollands left Spain in 1805, and before they made their second journey, 1808-09, many events of importance had taken place in that country and in Portugal. War had broken out between England and Spain, early in 1805. The Prince of the Peace, although nominally in alliance with France, was casting about for means of escape from the thrall of Napoleon. Portugal had been occupied by Junot in 1807, and the royal family had been forced to take refuge across the ocean in Brazil. Napoleon had given the crown of Spain to his brother Joseph after the abdication of the Spanish Bourbons. Lord Holland was in close touch with the Spanish emissaries during their stay in England, and the glowing accounts of the enthusiasm and successes of their compatriots would have eradicated any fears which might have arisen regarding the advisability of attempting the journey at such a time and the probable difficulties of travel. It was not then known that Napoleon was straining every nerve to prevent the recent check sustained by his arms in the peninsula, and many months elapsed before the real number of the French troops in Spain were even suspected in England. Armed with a permit from the First Lord of the Admiralty to go in any King's ship, the Holland party (all adults this time, twelve persons in all, including two maids and five men-servants, designed to be conveyed in only two carriages) embarked at Falmouth on the Amazon, and reached Corunna early in November.

The whole of this part of the journal is filled with reports from military commanders, accounts of movements of troops and discussions of the political and military situation in general. Lord Holland's sympathy with Spain was well known, and they were in the way of receiving much information not available to others. That they were not always able accurately to diagnose the state of affairs is quite natural. But it is of interest to compare the data here furnished with other accounts of the period. Lady Holland no longer records customs, complaints of hardships or notes town illuminations. Quotation from her journal is of little use as a point of comparison during this journey, which was pursued through Portugal to Madrid and back again, as no ship was available to carry them to England from southern Spain. But part of a letter to Lord Holland from General Lord Paget, afterward first Marquis of Anglesey, is worth reproducing as giving the opinion of some among the British commanders. "I am in a violent rage with you," he writes. "You are the most prejudiced man alive. You talk to a parcel of people snug upon the seacoast and who, knowing your enthusiasm for the Spanish cause, flatter your misanthropic accounts of movements of troops and discussions of the political and military situation in general. Lord Holland's sympathy with Spain was well known, and they were in the way of receiving much information not available to others. That they were not always able accurately to diagnose the state of affairs is quite natural. But it is of interest to compare the data here furnished with other accounts of the period. Lady Holland no longer records customs, complaints of hardships or notes town illuminations. Quotation from her journal is of little use as a point of comparison during this journey, which was pursued through Portugal to Madrid and back again, as no ship was available to carry them to England from southern Spain. 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